

Kathryn Hepburn, unique actress

has left us. Who strolled
with Mother once, chance

meeting in the afterglow
of a Connecticut beach.

(My father lingering
over Piels near pyramids
of darkened clam shells.)

They gabbed of everyday,
how the weather changed.

Indeed she knocked about
like everyone that

shelf of fishing towns,
now half boutiqued to Hell.

Wore slacks when such
comprised an impudence,

and never affirmed
a professional award
in person. What we had

with her we had ourselves
a Yankee.

